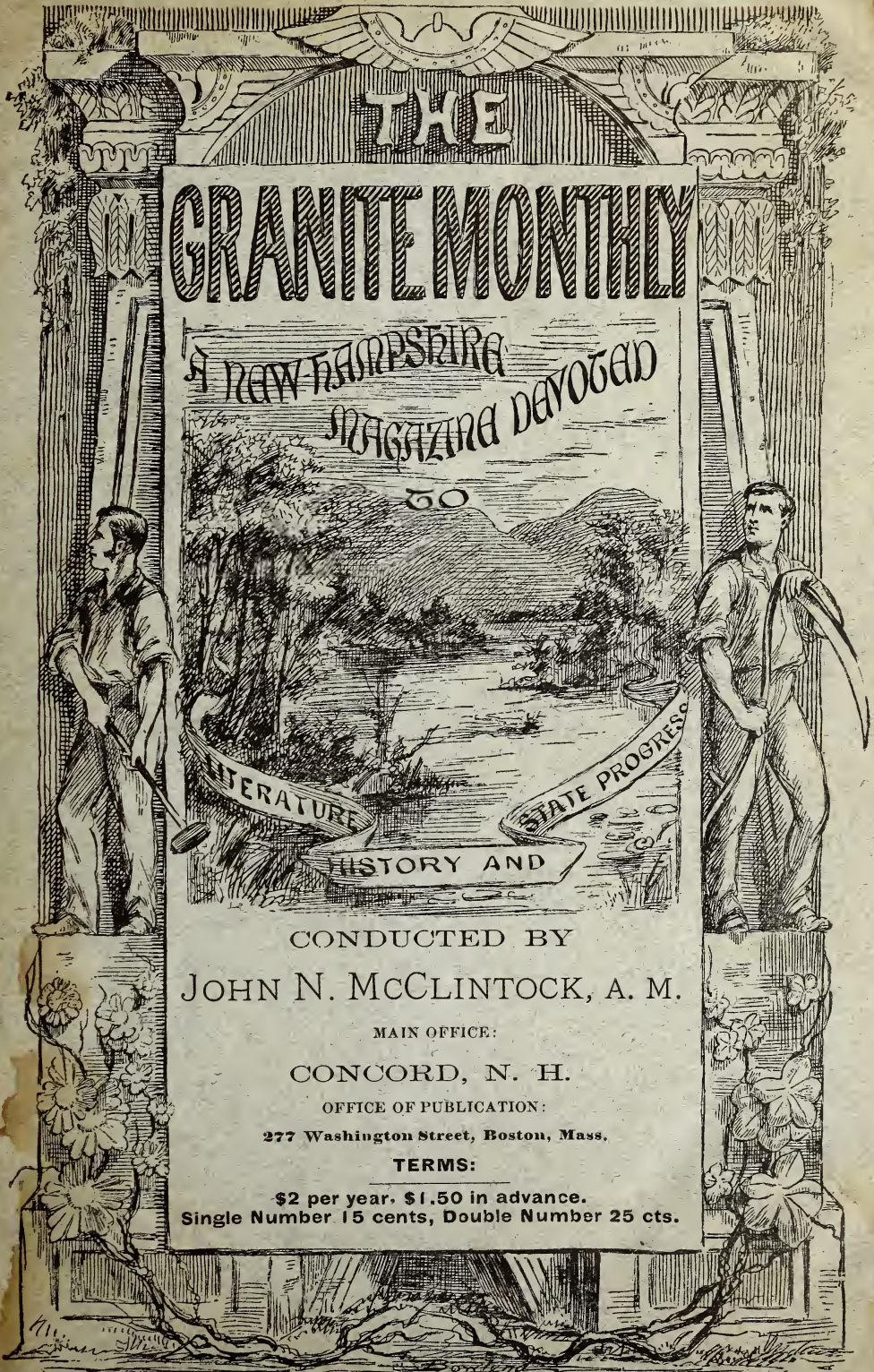


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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Appropriately honored by the Republicans of New Hampshire at the Second Banquet of the Lincoln Club, at the Eagle Hotel in Concord, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 15, 1887.

[From the Concord Monitor.]

In point of numbers, enthusiasm, and eloquence, the meeting of the Lincoln Club of New Hampshire at the Eagle hotel, Tuesday evening, was so great a success that it will long be remembered as one of the most notable events in the history of the Republican party in New Hampshire. The attendance was not only very large, but it was made up of representative Republicans from all parts of the state. Under the direct supervision of the secretary, M. J. Pratt of this city, the arrangements had been made so complete that there were no unpleasant delays and no disappointments. John L. Clark acted as treasurer in the unavoidable absence of Hon. E. H. Woodman. The seating of the large company at the banquet tables was admirably looked after by Charles A. Herbert and Will W. Stone, and Norris A. Dunklee acted as door-keeper. Blaisdell's orchestra gave a delightful concert in the office of the hotel from 8 to 9, and discoursed choice music during the hour and a half that the discussion of the menu was in progress.

The banquet is pronounced the best ever served in this city; it certainly reflected the highest credit on Col. John A. White, the Eagle Hotel, and all who had a share in its preparation and its completion. The menu card bore on one side, "Eagle Hotel, Concord, N. H., Tuesday, February 15th, 1887." Above the menu was a portrait of Mr. Lincoln, over-arched by the words "Lincoln Club of New Hampshire." The dinner was served admirably in courses, and was as follows:

	Oysters on Deep Shell.	
	Clear Soup.	
	Chicken Halibut.	Potato Croquettes.
	Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.	
	Boned Turkey with Jelly.	
Lettuce.	Vegetables.	Celery.
	Chicken Salad.	
	Orange Sherbet.	
	Larded Grouse.	
	Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly.	
Vanilla Ice Cream.	Assorted Cakes.	
	Green and Dry Fruit.	
Tea.	Coffee.	

At the head of the table in the centre of the dining hall sat the president of the club, Col. Charles H. Sawyer of Dover; on his right were Hon. C. H. Burns of Wilton, Capt. Henry B. Atherton of Nashua, Hon. Henry Robinson of this city, Attorney-General Barnard of Franklin, Hon. William E. Chandler of Concord, Hon. David H. Goodell of Antrim, Hon. John J. Bell of Exeter, and Councillor Peter Upton of East Jaffrey; Councillor B. A. Kimball of this city occupied the position opposite the president, and on the latter's left were Rev. A. P. Rein, pastor of White Memorial Universalist church of this city, Col. Daniel Hall of Dover, Charles R. Corning of this city, Hon. O. C. Moore of Nashua, Hon. Edward H. Rollins of this city, Hon. Dexter Richards of Newport, Councillor C. W. Talpey of Farmington, and Councillor M. L. Morrison of Peterborough. Before the members of the club took their seats at the handsome tables, grace was said by Rev. Mr. Rein. After the several courses of the banquet had been duly considered, President Sawyer arose, and gracefully opened the speaking of the evening as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE LINCOLN CLUB: It gives me pleasure to see such a large attendance here to-night at this second meeting of the Lincoln Club of New Hampshire. It confirms what seemed apparent at the first meeting, that there is a strong interest felt in this organization by the Republicans of the state. We may reasonably hope that as a means of bringing together members from throughout the state it will not only be a benefit socially, but also a valuable and efficient aid in promoting the interests of the party.

We are here to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Strictly, the meeting should have been on the 12th. That date occurring this year on Saturday, it was thought advisable to defer it until this evening, as being more convenient for members in attendance from the more remote parts of the state. The Club could not have been more honorably or more appropriately named.

The memory of Lincoln is growing to be more and more honored and revered with the lapse of time. It is a name that appeals to the hearts and sympathy of a loyal and grateful people. A man of the humblest origin, he was destined by Providence to lead this nation through the terrible and momentous struggle which was to demonstrate to

the world that we were a nation, and that a republican form of government could be maintained under the greatest strain to which it could be subjected—that of civil war. His great services ended with his life, and he will be ranked with Washington in the hearts of his countrymen, and in history as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

SPEECH OF CAPT. H. B. ATHERTON.

The address of Captain Atherton was well delivered and extremely interesting. It was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I first saw Abraham Lincoln in the spring of 1854. The news that Senator Douglass had reported from his committee a bill repealing the Missouri Compromise had rung out through the country "like a fire-bell in the night." The state of Illinois was ablaze with indignation. I was at Springfield at the meeting of the extra session of the legislature in February, when that measure was under discussion, and I well remember the intense excitement of the occasion. Shortly after, on the 22d of March, it became my good fortune to listen to the trial of a cause in the Morgan county court in which Mr. Lincoln took part as counsel. He was associated with Judge Brown of Springfield for the defence. A Mr. Smith and Murray McConnell of Jacksonville were the plaintiff's lawyers. The suit was brought by Silsby, editor of the *Jacksonville Journal*, a free soil paper, against one Dunlap, a pro-slavery Democrat, for a personal assault which had been provoked by some political or personal allusion to him in the paper. I remember that my sympathies were wholly with the plaintiff and against Mr. Lincoln's client, for the assault had been an aggravated one with a cane, and as a boy, with rather strong anti-slavery proclivities, I was prejudiced against the defendant, his conduct, his politics, and very likely against his counsel also; and yet I was delighted with the argument of Mr. Lincoln, which made a lasting impression on my mind. I recall the expectation I had that "Judge" Brown was to do something commensurate with his title, and the surprise I felt that he was so much surpassed by his associate. The jury gave the plaintiff \$300, and ought probably to have given him more; but that night I put down in my note-book, "Mr. Lincoln is a very good speaker," and that was very true.

Though then 45 years old, he was but little known outside his own state. He had been in the practice of the law seventeen years. He had served two or three terms in the state legislature and one in Congress, and, as candidate for presidential elector, had stumped the state both in 1840 and 1844 for the Whig party.

Before he began to study law he had begun to advocate those principles which later made him a representative Republican. In 1832, when he announced himself at the age of twenty-three a candidate for the legislature, he said, in what must have been about his first political speech, "I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff." Twenty-three years later, when his most intimate friend, Speed, inquired of him how he stood, he wrote, "I think I am a Whig. * * * I now do no more than oppose the extension of slavery. I am not a Know Nothing: that is certain. How could I be? How could any one who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people?"

Sprung from the ranks of the "plain people" himself, his sympathies were always with the poor. Born among the poor whites of a border slave state, where labor was degraded, good schools made impossible, and the door to advancement closed by the blight of human slavery, he had, through his own experience and that of his parents, before him, become conscious of the great wrong and injustice to the whites, and the great misery and wretchedness to the negroes caused by slavery. His kind heart could not witness unmoved the dis-

tress of a dumb animal, and much less could he bear to see the oppressed slaves at their unrequited toil. Poverty, weakness, distress, or misfortune never appealed to him in vain.

He sought distinction without disguise or hypocrisy. He coveted the good will of his fellow-men, but always sought to merit it. He was intellectually as well as morally honest, and as he never deceived others so, he never deluded himself. Of such material were the men who originated the Republican party, and Mr. Lincoln was a fair representative of that party. A vast majority of its voters were working men, intelligent, conscientious, and patriotic.

Within the last few years men have protested against being compelled to compete with the labor of a few hundred unpaid convicts in the prisons, or of a few thousand economical Chinese on the Pacific coast, who with no families or churches to support, are able to underbid in the labor market the honest Christian, who lives like a man, supports his wife and children, sustains schools and churches, and performs his whole duty as a citizen; and I believe there is some ground for an open and manly protest in that direction. But the grievance from these sources is the merest trifle compared with the intolerable competition of three millions of "chattels real,"—African slaves fed on the coarsest of food, clothed with the cheapest of garments, and working for no pay whatever. That was the substantial grievance which the white workmen of the country, uniting under the name of the Republican party, openly combined to meet. It cheapened the wages of the white man. It cast odium on honest labor—that blessing in disguise without which no race ever emerged from barbarism, and no individual ever attained to a wholesome and healthy growth. It retarded civilization, denied the rights of man, and was at war with our free institutions. It grew strong, aggressive, and defiant. It proclaimed "Cotton is king!" and capitalists at the North timidly bowed before His Majesty.

Making use of the Democratic party as its agent and instrument, slavery began an advance along the whole line. The objective points of this concerted movement were to nationalize slavery and ultimately to reopen the African slave trade, and thereby still further to cheapen labor. Men brought cargoes of slaves from the Congo coast and landed them on the shores of the Southern states with no apparent fear or danger of punishment. The area for slavery was enlarged by waging a war of doubtful justice upon a sister republic and despoiling her of a large portion of her territory. The fugitive slave law was passed which compelled free men in the North at the will of a United States marshal to take the place of blood-hounds in the South in hunting down the fugitive flying from an intolerable thralldom. In the U. S. supreme court the Dred Scott decision was obtained, in which it was announced that no slave or descendant of a slave could be a person entitled to the right of habeas corpus, or trial by jury, and that neither Congress nor a territorial legislature could exclude slavery from the territories. The court would not admit that even the state legislatures could exclude slavery from their respective states; and it was believed that their next step would be to declare that the states had not the power under the constitution. The Lemon slave case was already going through the New York courts, where in the court of appeals I heard Charles O'Connor argue against William M. Evarts that a Southern slaveholder could voluntarily bring his "chattels" into New York, and they were not thereby made free, but he might retain possession of them and take them back to the South. Robert Toombs proposed to call the roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. To this end the three departments of the general government were working in harmony.

The Missouri Compromise had dedicated to freedom the territories north of 36 deg. 30 min., and was thought by many to be as binding as the constitution itself. The good faith of both sections was pledged to its maintenance. The slaveholders had

control of the Democratic party, and no person, unless he was willing to do their bidding, could hope for advancement within that party. That was the situation when, on the 23d of January, 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, as a bid for the next presidential nomination of his party, introduced into the senate the famous Kansas-Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise. Nobody in Illinois had asked Mr. Douglas to take that step. It was the order of the slave power, and the passage of the bill was a declaration of war on the part of the South. Very soon both parties began to throw out skirmishers into Kansas, and the result of the preliminary struggle was with the North.

It had become evident to the minds of such men as William H. Seward and Abraham Lincoln that the "irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces" had begun. It was in the opening sentence of his great speech of the 17th of June, 1858, that Mr. Lincoln said,—"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house will fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The course of Mr. Douglas having made him the most conspicuous of the Democratic leaders in the North, his ambition was no longer limited to the Senate or any place within the gift of the people of Illinois. He now aspired to the presidency of the United States. For twenty years Mr. Lincoln had been his rival and competitor, antagonizing him step by step. He had met him repeatedly in debate, and had answered his arguments on the tariff and internal improvements, and, more recently, upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and "popular sovereignty," until he had come to be recognized as the champion of the free-state men. On all sides it was expected of him that he should again take the stump in opposition to Mr. Douglas and the aggressions of the slave power. The famous debate of 1858 between them made Mr. Lincoln well known to the whole country, and without doubt the signal ability which he then displayed, the moderation and fairness of his views, coupled with his inflexible firmness for the right, made him the candidate of the Republican party in 1860.

In his speeches he did not deal in second-hand ideas. His practical training prevented his being bookish or fond of abstractions. From his own wide experience with men and nature he drew illustrations familiar to himself and to his audiences. He was not inclined to the use of invective, and was slow to apply hard names to his opponents. He preferred to appeal to their intelligence and sense of justice, and to convince them through their reason. He never undertook to persuade men by personal abuse. In his public discussions he seems to have been always charitable toward those who differed with him, apparently believing they might be honestly wrong, and seeking to win them to his way of thinking. He never claimed for himself or his party all the wisdom and virtue of the country, nor denied a fair share to his opponents; and yet under his wise counsel, and in a large measure by his efforts, the anti-slavery Whigs, the free-soil Democrats, the abolitionists, the constitutional union men of Illinois, and, to a certain extent, of the country at large, were united in one homogeneous whole, welded into the Republican party,—a party which has done more for the moral and material welfare of this country than any other party has ever done for any country since the dawn of civilization. With the war for the Union waged and won, with slavery rendered impossible forever hereafter, with the Pacific Railway built, and a generous homestead given to every settler, all under the administration of the first president elected by that

party, the country has gone on in a course of prosperity never equalled before, and has grown so in population, and so multiplied all those comforts and necessities of life which go to make up the collective wealth of a people, that it has become the most populous, the wealthiest, and, I may add, the most powerful nation in Christendom. It leads the van of civilization.

But it is natural for us to be not quite satisfied. It is hard to let well enough alone. The best is not quite good enough; and it is as well so, otherwise if we were too easily content we should make no progress. In this age of boycotts, lockouts, and strikes, successful and otherwise, we hear a great deal about socialism, communism, nihilism, anarchy, the land question, and various other movements founded on the assumption that capital must always of necessity be at war with labor. On this assumption the workingman is invited to align himself with this or that movement, and by so doing better his condition. Now, there was a time when to a certain extent labor was at war with capital. That was the time when the Democratic party said capital had a right to buy and own labor. The Republican party, composed as it was of workmen, took the opposite view, and said the converse of the proposition is true, and that instead of capital owning the laborer, the laborer should own the capital, as much of it as possible; and for the past thirty years that party has done everything to help him to take that position with regard to capital. A high protective tariff gives high wages to the workman, and so long as his tea and coffee, his beef and flour, his house rent and doctor's bills, and nine-tenths of his clothing pay no duty, the cost of living is not perceptibly increased by the tariff. By reason of the protective tariff, advocated by Lincoln in 1832 and put in operation under his administration by a Republican Congress, hundreds of thousands of laborers have found comfortable homes in this country, who, but for that Republican measure, would have had no pecuniary inducement to come to us across the Atlantic.

Upon this question of the relation between labor and capital, which to-day perplexes the minds of a good many honest men, we are not left without words of guidance from the sagacious and far-seeing Lincoln. In his message to Congress in December, 1861, notwithstanding the public mind was intent upon the prosecution of the war, he spoke of the attempt of the Confederacy to place capital on an equal footing, if not above labor, and enumerated fallacious assumptions on which they proceeded. He said they assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless induced thereto by somebody else owning capital, either by hiring or owning the laborer; that whoever is a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life. "Now," he said, "there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed; nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights." He said a few men possess capital, and with their capital hire another few to labor for them, but a large majority North and South, were neither masters nor slaves, hirers nor hired. Men, with their families, wives, sons, and daughters, work for themselves on their farms, in their houses, and in their shops, taking their whole product to themselves, and asking no favors of capital on the one hand or hired laborers on the other.

"Again," Mr. Lincoln repeated, "there is not of necessity any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life," and then he added in words, which, though I read them first while in camp in Virginia more than twenty-five years ago, I think I shall never forget because they are so true of our people: "Many independent men everywhere in these states a few years back in

their lives were hired laborers. The prudent, penurious beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."

These words of Abraham Lincoln are as wise and true to-day as they were when first uttered, and they are still the doctrine of the Republican party. While capital has a right to protection, labor is still its superior. We recognize the fact that human beings are of more consequence than dollars, that persons are more precious than things, and, happily for the workingman, under a free government, the party that by precept or example teaches otherwise, will soon become a mere plutocratic remnant without votes.

I congratulate the members of our club upon the name we have assumed, and I venture to predict, that so long as the Republicans of New Hampshire continue to honor the name of Lincoln and follow his example and teachings, they will deserve and continue to receive the support of a great majority of the intelligent people of the state.

SPEECH OF COL. DANIEL HALL.

The oration of Colonel Hall received the close attention of every one present, and was able and eloquent. It was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I understand that I am expected to occupy a few minutes of your time in speaking of "Abraham Lincoln as a Man." The theme is too large for me, and crushes me at the beginning. It is like speaking of the sun; and as, while we stand in the full effulgence of that great luminary, flooding the world with its light and warmth and life-giving power, it is impossible to disentangle and analyze its various and many-hued rays of beneficence, so is it difficult to emphasize any separate aspects of this illustrious and many-sided character. The mere character of a great man not seldom confers greater benefits upon the nation, and upon the epoch in which he lives, than any, or even all, of his specific achievements. I have sometimes thought that such was the ministry to us of the life of Abraham Lincoln; for though it was given to him to connect his name inseparably with some of the greatest events in our history,—the overthrow of the Rebellion, the maintenance of the Union, the emancipation of the slave,—yet, when we consider the great moral authority his name has gained, the ideas and associations that cluster about that unique individuality, how his influence and example and precepts have uplifted this people in their whole being, it seems as if he had brought a new force into our national life; had set in motion a train of benign influences which is to go on without limit, so that in future his age is to form a new date and point of departure in our political calendar.

So familiar is his personality to us that we scarcely need to know more of him; and yet I think all of us must be reading with deep interest the new Life of him, which is appearing in "The Century," and throwing fresh light upon his origin, his education, and his early career. There was a special fitness in the birth, amid the poorest and harshest surroundings, of him whose destiny it was to assert for his country and his age the divine right, not of kings, but of humanity,—the essential equality of men, and their right to an untrammelled liberty and an unfettered pursuit of happiness. No training in the schools entered into his preparation for his great work, but he lived the life of the broad West, breathing its free and invigorating air, and thus developed a sterling

manhood, health of body, and strength of limb, truth in every word and deed, and a clearness of vision and moral intrepidity which the schools cannot supply. Thus reared, amid humble and simple surroundings, he "mewed his mighty youth" in warfare upon

"The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

"The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear,—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:

Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,

If but their stocks be of right girth and grain."

In such a mould his life took on that rough exterior and homely garb which shaped it for all time, and made him "in his simplicity sublime."

These struggles of pioneer life were the bracing on of the armor of Vulcan which equipped him for deeds of high emprise; they made him brave and true, genuine and sincere,—one to whom duty should be first, and the rights of man second; and he grew up having in him what our ancestors, with awful solemnity, called "the fear of God." To his latest day he took on no veneer of polish: he assumed no dramatic attitudes for dazzling the eye or impressing the imagination, and was guilty of no trickeries to cheat the judgment of contemporaries or of posterity.

It is not necessary to trace Mr. Lincoln's pathway, step by step, upward towards the high places of the world. You are all familiar with the slow but sure processes of his growth and advancement. His original abilities were of a high order. He saw quickly and distinctly. His mind was clear, and open to truth as the flowers are to the sunlight and the dew. His reasonings were close and sound. He was a man of power and effectiveness, and so steadily did he grow in public esteem that long before his great preferment was dreamed of he enjoyed a popular regard almost unparalleled. No stronger proof of his intellectual and moral energy can be cited than the rapid and strong hold which he gained in due time upon the patriotism, the confidence, and the faith of the country. These elements crystallized with an unhesitating abandon about his name, and the strength and vitality of the free North took the color of his mind, and became charged with his personality. That he was a great lawyer, with vigorous powers of logic and comparison and illustration, and a strong grasp upon legal principles, will be shown to you by another, amply competent to present to you that phase of his greatness; and I will not trench upon his province.

He was also an orator of rare power. Before those rather rude audiences of the West, which had no fastidiousness, and judged him by no nice standard of taste, he was grandly effective, and convinced and swayed them with consummate skill. With them he employed, as he did everywhere, those "rugged phrases hewn from life," and that inimitable wit and genial humor which testified to his real seriousness, and the zest and relish with which he entered into the life around him. The severe logic, the clearness and compactness of statement, the moral earnestness which struck a deeper chord even than conviction,—all these appear in some of his speeches in Congress, and notably in the renowned debate between him and Douglas; and in these and his casual addresses, more still in his unstudied conversations, there is to be found phrase after phrase that has the ring and the weight and the sharp outline of a bronze coin. But he filled also the requisites of a higher and more exacting criticism. Though unlearned, and without the graces of the schools, he was sometimes gifted with the loftiest eloquence. On great occasions, written and spoken speech has rarely risen to higher levels than from his lips. Some of his utterances, instinct with solemn thoughtfulness, and illustrated by beauty of diction, a sententious brevity, and

felicitous turns of expression, such as the Cooper Institute speech, his inaugural addresses, and the oration at Gettysburg, are masterpieces, to live and resound as long as the English tongue survives.

Mr. Lincoln answered, as I think, another of the unerring tests of greatness, in his marked individuality, and his unique unlikeness to everybody else. He had no affectation of singularity, and yet he created a distinctness of impression which seems to point him out as a type by himself, a distinct species created by the Divine hand in the evolution of time. His image on our vision is not a blur, but is as distinctly and sharply cut as the outline of a cameo, or

"The dome of Florence drawn on the deep blue sky."

No other great man as yet in the least resembles him; and if, my friends, we are so happy one day as to meet the shades of the great in the Elysian fields, we shall know that exalted spirit at a glance, and we shall no more mistake the identity of Abraham Lincoln than we shall that of Caesar or Cromwell or Napoleon, Washington or Grant. Nature stamps her particular sign-manual upon each of her supremely great creations, and we may be sure that she broke the die in moulding Lincoln.

To a club which has honored itself by taking his great name, an inquiry into Mr. Lincoln's conception of politics must ever be a study of the deepest interest. In the first place, he was a politician from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and, himself pure, sober, temperate, chaste, and incorruptible, he never shrank from what the mawkish sentimentality of our day affects to condemn and sneer at as the vulgarity of engaging in politics. He entered with ardor into the political life around him; he engaged in party caucuses, conventions, and gatherings; he mixed in the political management of his state, his county, his district, his township, and received no contamination thereby. He conceived this to be the duty of every citizen of a free republic, and no word discouraging political activity ever fell from his lips. He carried into his politics the same morality that he used in his daily dealings with clients and friends. He was incapable of intrigue, he was true and transparent, and no duplicity ever stained his integrity. He studied the currents of public opinion, not as a demagogue to slavishly follow them, but from a profound conviction that, as to times and means, all men are wiser than any one man, and from a real respect for the will of the people, to which he ever rendered a genuine homage. He sought no power. He was too healthy and natural to be disturbed by any troubled dreams of a great destiny; and if he had ambition, it was free from vulgar taint. But *in* power he never forgot his trusteeship for the people, and he never lost elbow-touch with those to whom he rendered

"The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

The world knew, therefore, that glory, or vanity, or lust of power had no place in that pure heart. "His ends were his country's, his God's, and truth's," and thus did he earn the proud title of

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

Therefore, Mr. President, I claim that his whole life is a standing reproof to the flippant notion and the skeptical and cynical fling that politics is a dishonest game. He was a politician from the outset; and if there is one lesson inculcated here to-day by his life and character, it is that politics in a free government affords the loftiest themes of thought and the grandest theatre of action for men of great and consecrated powers. He was a striking proof that the honestest politics is the best politics, that the greatest prizes are gained by unselfish souls, and that, in fact, there is in decent politics no room for a dishonest man. Here was a man devoted all

his life to politics in America, with a zeal and intensity which left him no time for the study of anything but politics, and the law by which he gained his meagre livelihood; and if, as has been said, there is something narrowing in the profession of law, and degrading in the pursuit of politics, surely Abraham Lincoln did not exemplify it, nor did he,

"— born for the universe, narrow his mind,
And to party give up what was meant for mankind."

After his great elevation, his speeches and state papers are replete with proofs of his political insight, his clearness of vision, and his far-reaching views. He saw vividly the great considerations which determined his duty, and that of his party, on the question of disunion. He felt in his own breast the pulsations of this mighty land. He saw his country and her splendid opportunities for a great race for empire,—no oceans or mountains dividing, great rivers connecting, a common origin, a common history, common traditions, a common language, continuity of soil, and a great position in the family of nations which unity alone could secure. He rose to the full height of the issues involved. He knew that should the South succeed in winning independence "the cloth once rent would be rent again;" that there would no longer be one America, but many Americas; that the New World would tread over again in the bloody tracks of the Old; that there would be rival communities, with rival constitutions, Democracies lapsing into military despotisms, intrigues, dissensions, and wars following on wars. Therefore this man, so gentle, so mild, so peace-loving, that every shot sent a pang to his own heart, could give the word of command, and, with unbending will, see the United States tear open their veins, and spill their blood in torrents that they might remain one people. But throughout the sanguinary carnival through which he was forced to lead us for four long years, Mr. Lincoln's nature remained true and tender and forgiving. No bitterness and no uncharitableness usurped any place in his heart. There was nothing local or provincial in his patriotism. Notwithstanding the insults and contempt lavished upon himself, despite the injury and wrong done to what he held dearer than himself,—the Union and the liberty which it made possible,—he still enfolded the South in his warmest affections. His whole public life is full of evidences of this breadth of view, this catholicity of temper, this far-reaching statesmanship, this magnanimous and Christian spirit. He yearned for peace unceasingly; and there can be no doubt that a complete pacification and reconciliation on the basis of impartial liberty was the last and fondest dream of his great soul, rudely interrupted by the stroke of the assassin. He lived not to realize his great designs, yet he fulfilled his historic mission, and what a large arc in the completed circle of our country's history will his administration embrace! What harvests of martial and civic virtue were garnered in! What a treasure-house of national memories and heroic traditions was prepared! What a new and glorious impulse was communicated to the national life!

What was achieved by his genius and character by that peculiar combination and summary of qualities of heart and brain and environment which make up what we call Abraham Lincoln, we, by our finite standards and our partial view of the scopes and orbits of human influence, can never adequately measure. But some things we see in their completeness before our eyes. We gaze with admiration upon his pure and upright character, his immovable firmness and determination in the right, his inexhaustible patience and hopefulness under reverses. We remember how steadily these masterful qualities wrought upon the public mind, till his quaint wisdom, his disinterestedness, his identification with the principles that underlay the issues of the Civil War, made his name representative of all that was highest and holiest and best in the North, and gave it a prestige which

alone was sufficient to carry us triumphantly through to the end. Before this prestige all resistance was discomfited, and his was the hand to complete and adorn the unfinished temple of our fathers. Substituting the corner-stone of Freedom for that of Slavery, he built anew the indestructible edifice of our Liberty, giving it new proportions of beauty, lifting up into the clear blue its towers and pinnacles, white and pure, and crowning all with the Emancipation Proclamation as its fitting capstone. He it was who presided over the strife which restored the Union, and "out of the nettle Danger plucked the flower Safety." But for that great character, raising high above the tumult of contending parties its voice of patriotism and moderation—that moderation which a profound writer calls "the great regulator of human intelligence"—who shall say that this government would not have been rent asunder, and the Ship of State foundered with all on board? There is no difference of opinion now as to the grandeur and nobility of this service. It was the finishing touch upon the work of Washington. Before Lincoln, Washington stood alone as the one great typical American. But now a new planet has come into our field of vision, and with him holds its place in our clear upper sky. Indeed, it is a significant fact that, as time goes on, our Southern people, who so sorely taxed and saddened that great spirit, are gaining a love and reverence for him almost transcending our own. Those whom he reduced to obedience are foremost in appreciation of him, so that that eloquent son and orator of the New South could rise at the banquet of the New England Society of New York on last Forefathers' Day, and pay this lofty tribute to his genius and virtue.

Said he, "From the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of the Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty."

This is equally beautiful and true; and it well pays us for waiting to hear it come at last from the lips of a Georgian representing a city so hammered and trampled upon by our hosts that scarcely one stone of it was left upon another in the gigantic struggle.

Not less striking, nor less surely the voice of the civilized world, were those strains, which, a few days after his death, swelled from the harp of England through the pages of *Punch*, which had ridiculed and insulted him through life:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please,—

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer;
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;—
To make me own this hind of princes peer;
This rail-splitter a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How iron-like his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.

* * * * *

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkening days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felen had, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest:

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as the triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore,
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, shines darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

Therefore, it is clear that whatever differences we are to have hereafter with our brethren of the recent strife, and with the races of mankind, we are, by common consent, to stand with equal reverence before him; and contemplating the life onward and upward of this peasant boy, from the log cabin to the White House, and the moral dictatorship of the world, I involuntarily bow before the inscrutable things of the universe, and exclaim,—“Sublime destiny! to have climbed by his unaided energies not only to the summit of earthly power, but to the reverence of history, and an undisputed dominion over the hearts and minds of posterity in all coming ages.”

I have spoken of Mr. Lincoln's plainness and simplicity, his abilities and achievements, and his relation to politics. Through these he became a

great factor in the events of his time. But after all I must think the true key to his influence is to be sought and found elsewhere. In his incorruptible purity, his disinterestedness, his inflexible morality, his fidelity to convictions,—in short, in his moral earnestness,—here were the real hiding-places of his power. The world is ever loyal to this lofty type of character, and whenever it recognizes a man who never does violence to his moral sense, it brings him the crown of its allegiance and homage. It was Mr. Lincoln's sturdy honesty that gave him early the *soubriquet* of "Honest Abe," which never left him; and this it was that winged his speech with celestial fire, and made him victor wherever he moved. The moral bearings of every question presented to him were never out of his mind. In this respect, unlike most of the world's great, "his wagon" was always "hitched to a star." In fine, the elements of intellect, and will, and morality, were

"So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a Man!"

There is one scene in the life of Mr. Lincoln which has impressed my imagination beyond any other, and I have wondered why some masterly artist has never yet seized and thrown it in glowing colors and immortal beauty upon some great historical canvas. It seems to me it must have been the supreme happiness of that weary life, the moment when he looked into the dusky faces of his children by adoption in the streets of Richmond, from whose limbs the fetters had dropped at his touch, whom his word had lifted into the gladsome light of liberty,—"sole passion of the generous heart, sole treasure worthy of being coveted."

O my friends, the people did not simply admire Abraham Lincoln for his intellectual power, his force of will, the purity of his conscience, the rectitude of his private and public life; but they loved him as little children love their father, because they knew that he "loved the people in his heart as a father loves his children, ready at all hours of the day or the night to rise, to march, to fight, to suffer, to conquer or to be conquered, to sacrifice himself for them without reserve, with his fame, his fortune, his liberty, his blood, and his life."

Great men are like mountains, which grow as they recede from view. We are even now, perhaps, too near this extraordinary man, as indeed we are too near the remarkable events in which he lived and fought and won his battle of life, to appreciate them in their full significance. His fame in the centuries to come will rest, as that of all great men must and does, upon certain acts that stand out as landmarks in history. Few men have been so fortunate as he. So canonized is he in the heart of mankind, that envy and detraction fall harmless at his feet, and stain not the whiteness of his fame. There have been many men of daily beauty in life, but few such fortunate enough to associate their names with great steps in the progress of man—fewer still to blend the double glory of the grandest public achievement with the tenderest, sweetest, gentlest, and simplest private life and thought.

Not too soon for an abundant glory, but too soon for a loving and grateful country, his spirit was "touched by the finger of God, and he was not," and

"The great intelligences fair
That range above this mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there."

As we gather in spirit about his tomb to-day, and decorate with unfading amaranth and lancel the memory of our great chief, how fitly may we say of him what Dixon said of Douglas Jerrold,—*"If every one who has received a favor at his hands should cast a flower upon his grave, a mountain of roses would lie on the great man's breast."*

I know, friends, how little words can do to portray this august personage, and, toiling in vain to express the thoughts of him which you and I feel, I doubt if it were not better after all, as Mr. Lin-

coln himself said of Washington, to "pronounce his name in solemn awe, and in its naked and deathless splendor leave it shining on."

If, now, such a character is a priceless possession to this people, how doubly fortunate are they, are we, who stood by him through life, and are the inheritors of his principles to-day. Therefore, Mr. President, is there a high propriety in this club of Republicans associating themselves together about the great name of Abraham Lincoln, inspired as they must be by the hope and the ambition to emulate those manly traits and those personal virtues which so pervaded his nature as to permeate his politics and govern his life. He was ours wholly, and this Club, by adopting his name, in effect declares him its ideal Republican and political exemplar. In the very name there is fitting inspiration to high and noble endeavor, and we should be recreant to our opportunities and to our best selves—

"We that have loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern, to live and to die!"—

I say, we should be recreant Republicans, if, under the influence of that transcendent name and character, the very crown and summit of American manhood, we should not rise to a lofty patriotism, a high conception of, and a new consecration to, political duty, and do our utmost to secure the triumph of his principles, and to lift our politics up to that high standard of honor and dignity which guided the steps of the great man whose birthday we now celebrate, and which is commemorated throughout the civilized world as that of a Patriot, Statesman, Hero, and supreme Martyr to Liberty.

SPEECH OF CHARLES R. CORNING.

Lincoln as a humorist was the theme assigned to Mr. Corning, and he treated it in his happiest vein, evoking laughter and applause many times. He said:

During the darkest days of the Civil War when disaster followed disaster in fearful succession, two Quakers chanced to meet. These honest haters of war could not keep their minds from the dreadful conflict. Said one,

"I think Jefferson will win."

"Why so?" asked the other.

"Because," Jefferson is a praying man."

"Yes, but so is Abraham."

"Verily so," the other replied, "but the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

Strange goddesses stood at his cradle. In the humble cabin were gathered the crowned heads of the world's court; the wise, the happy, the tender, the brave, all were there. One only was missing. Danaë, whose hand flings golden showers into the lap of the living, came not. Into the poor pioneer's hut the faint flicker of the tallow dip could not allure the fabled goddess. Her mission was nearer the stars, and she never knew the lowly lad whom her sisters were glad to honor. They endowed him with all that was good and true and honorable. To me Abraham Lincoln is one of the most remarkable studies that human nature ever presented. His mind was warped by no prejudices, and in a truly original manner he reached his own conclusions in law, in politics, and in private life. Herein he differed from all our public men. Washington, save his occasional profanity, was like his contemporaries. Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and their successors differed only in mental qualities, but here in Lincoln we have a man who in mind and body was as solitary and alone as the north star. There was never one like him. I am asked to speak of President Lincoln as a humorist. That he was one there can be no question. But he was no wit. Humor and wit do

not always go together. One requires a deep, reflective vein; the other a reflection like a mirror. Lincoln did not have that quickness which is indispensable to true wit, and yet no man was ever possessed of a deeper sense of humor.

Even as a young man he was known as a sorry teller, and this reputation grew as he grew until his hearers were not confined to an Illinois circuit, but embraced the great republic. He was the life of the old time law courts and his quaint stories attracted more attention than his briefs or arguments. A good story teller, or a man whose senses something humorous in the phases of life, is likely to be underestimated by the people at large. They look upon him as a man of trivial mind, as one who weighs lightly the great problems of human affairs, and withhold from him that measure of confidence which an innocent spirit of humor ought to invite rather than repel. Had the wise men of the East been fully aware of Lincoln's exceeding love of story telling, he might never have been president. The Western people are nearer nature than we are, and Lincoln was their idol.

Charles Sumner was completely disgusted when Lincoln, after listening to a long talk from the distinguished senator, made no reply, but slowly unfolding himself, proposed to measure heights. Sumner had neither wit, humor, nor imagination, and Lincoln was an enigma to him. So with Stanton. On the evening of that eventful election day in November, 1864, when all the power of the War and the other departments had been employed to secure his reelection, Lincoln and Stanton were eagerly reading the returns as sent to them by private wire. The suspense was terrible, for the fate of the country seemed to be wavering in the balance. During a lull in the clicking, Lincoln pulled out a yellow pamphlet from his pocket and began reading extracts from *Petroleum V. Nasby*. He read and chuckled, only pausing now and then to con a return. This enraged Stanton beyond measure, and calling one of his assistants aside the secretary gave expression to his wrath. The idea that a man whose country's safety was at issue could so calmly by and read such balderdash was to him simply damnable.

When Lord Lyons, the British minister, called on Lincoln, and presented him with an autograph letter from the Queen, announcing the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and added that whatever response the president might make would be immediately sent to her majesty, Mr. Lincoln instantly replied to the old bachelor minister, "Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

Dignity Lincoln had none, and he never pretended that he had. He was tall, angular, and awkward, his hands and feet were large, his face was bony and time had made furrows all over it. Nature made him like a scarecrow and endowed him like a god. At times Lincoln told stories just as men indulge in any pastime. He was a temperate man, and the cup had no attractions for him. He was not a raving man, and higher literature afforded him no solace. His recreation was in humor. Even in the dark days of the war he found time to indulge in story telling, and no one was more welcome to his evenings than the man of racy tongue. I recollect that the Senator Nesmith of Oregon, himself a wit and humorist of the first order, showed me a slip of paper on which was written: "Dear Nesmith, come around to-night with your latest. A. Lincoln."

These men spent hours together, not in discussing statecraft or planning policies, but in unrestrained good fellowship, for these stories were Lincoln's great safeguards in moments of mental depression. These stories served him many a good turn in his presidential office, and by fitting some ludicrous story to the occasion he saved himself and his administration from downright embarrassment. As a so-called answer turned away wrath, so would one of his funny stories. He had a great forte in making analogies. When Grant showed him the Dutch Gap canal, and explained how an explosion had thrown the earth back and filled up a part already completed, he turned to Grant and said: "This reminds me of a blacksmith out in

Illinois. One day he took a piece of soft iron, and starting up a fire began to heat it. When he got it hot he began to hammer it, thinking he would make it into an agricultural implement. But after pounding away he found that the iron would not hold out. Then he put it back in the forge, heated it, and began hammering it with the intention of making a claw hammer. But he came to the conclusion that there was more iron than he needed. Again he heated it and thought he would make an axe. After hammering and welding it into shape he concluded there was not enough of the iron left to make an axe that would be of any use. He was disgusted at his repeated attempts, besides being weary. So he filled up his forge full of coal and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals and plunging it into a tub of water, exclaimed, 'There, by gosh; if I can't make anything else of you I can make a fizzle anyhow.'

Just after he was nominated in 1860, a prominent Mason called on him at Springfield and said: "Of course you expect all the Masons to vote against you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"No, why?"

"Because all the other presidential candidates are Masons."

"Bless me!" exclaimed old Abe, "is that so?"

"Certainly," said the visitor. "Bell has taken all the degrees, and is a member of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee; Breckenridge is an officer of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and Douglas—why he is grand orator of the Grand Lodge of Illinois—right here under your nose."

Mr. Lincoln turned round in his chair, laid his legs across the top of the table, laughed, rubbed his face, stuck his fingers through his hair, and said: "John, you have been down in Sangamon county a good deal yourself."

"Well, yes," admitted the visitor, "sorry to say I have frequented that locality."

"I am reminded," said Mr. Lincoln, "of an incident that occurred there. A woman who was a real hard case was a witness, and the lawyer, bound to get even, asked her, 'Are you a virtuous woman, madam?' She was slightly surprised and said, 'That, sir, is a very hard question to ask a lady who is a witness before a public court.' He rose and repeated the question sternly. She still evaded it, but when he persisted, she finally answered: 'This much I will say—that I have a great respect for the institution.'"

Once a war governor went to him in a towering passion; he literally had blood in his eye. His interview with Stanton had been stormy, and he betook himself to the president. A few days after one of the officials who had witnessed the scene asked Mr. Lincoln how he had managed the irate governor. "Well," said the president, laughing, "do you know how the Illinois farmer managed the log that lay in the middle of his field? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn. Well I will tell you how he got rid of it. He ploughed round it. I ploughed round the governor, but it took three mortal hours to do it and I was afraid every minute he would see what I was at."

At the time of Gen. Cameron's retirement from the cabinet the Republican senators thought a reconstruction of the entire cabinet was advisable, therefore, a committee waited on the president and requested him to make the change. Lincoln listened patiently and then said the request reminded him of a story. A farmer was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed him exceedingly. Finally he got out his old shot-gun and laid in wait for the midnight assassins. His wife listened intently for the report of the gun. At last it cracked on the still night. The man came in, and his wife asked him what luck he had. "Well," said the old man, "I hid behind a woodpile, and soon seven skunk-came along. I blazed away and killed one, but he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go!" The dignified senators saw the point and took their departure.

Lincoln could not bear to put his signature to

death warrants, and his reprieves and pardons furnish a sublime example such as the world had never known. Once Judge Holt, the advocate general, presented a most flagrant case of desertion and insisted that the culprit be shot. The man had thrown down his gun and run away during battle. Extenuating circumstances there were none. The sentence of the court was death. Lincoln ran his fingers through his hair and said, "Well, Judge, I guess I must put this with my leg cases." "Leg cases!" replied Judge Holt. "What do you mean by leg cases?" "Why, do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases you call by that long title 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them leg cases. Now I'll put it to you and let you decide for yourself. If God Almighty gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help running away with them?"

Lincoln was always quaint in whatever he did. He could not help it. Nothing was ever done for effect. His peculiarities were not studied, they were inborn and irrepressible.

In September, 1862, a delegation of Chicago clergymen called on him to urge the emancipation proclamation. He heard them patiently, and as they were leaving the White House one of them felt it to be his duty to make an appeal to the president's conscience. "I am compelled to say, Mr. Lincoln, that the Divine Master has instructed me to command you, sir, to open the doors of bondage to the slaves may go free." The president at once replied; "It may be as you say, sir, but is it not strange that the only channel through which the Divine Master could send this message was by that roundabout route by that awfully wicked city of Chicago?"

When the Rebels raided a small detachment of our army, they captured a general and twelve army mules. On hearing of it, Lincoln instantly replied: "How unfortunate! I can fill his place in five minutes, but those mules cost us two hundred dollars apiece."

Gen. Frye once found on looking over applications for offices in the army papers dotted with notes and comments in the president's handwriting, and among others, this characteristic one: "On this day Mrs. ——— called upon me. She is the wife of Major ———, of the regular army. She wants her husband made brigadier general. She is a saucy little woman, and I think she will torment me until I do it. A. L."

Now could there be anything more delicious than this?

Once when told that a Union man had been condemned to die, the choice being left to him to be hung or shot, a smile lighted up his sad features, and he said the situation reminded him of a colored Methodist camp-meeting. There was a brother who responded, "Amen! Bless the Lord!" in a loud voice. The preacher was sweeping the sinners on both sides into the devil's net. He had drawn a picture of eternal damnation, without a saving clause, when the unctuous brother leaped up and yelled out, "Bless the Lord! dis nigger takes to the woods!"

As in the present era of reform and honesty, Mr. Lincoln, like Mr. Cleveland, was beset with office-seekers. They fairly made him sick. As he lay in the White House prostrated by an attack of small pox, he said to his attendants, "Tell all the office-seekers to come at once, for now I have something I can give to all of them."

The relations between Lincoln and Stanton were very close, and sometimes exceedingly comical.

Once a committee, having for its object the exchange of Eastern and Western men, repaired to the war secretary with the president's order for such a change.

Stanton stamped and emphatically said, "No." "But we have the president's order," said the chairman.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?"

"He did, sir."

"Then he is a damned fool," said the war secretary.

"Do you mean to say that the president is a damned fool," asked the bewildered spokesman.

"Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that." The committee returned to the president and related the scene.

"Did Stanton say I was a damned fool," asked Lincoln.

"He did sir," and he repeated it.

After a moment's pause, the president said: "If Stanton said I was a damned fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

Lincoln took a memorandum of new stories, and once he stopped the long line at a White House reception in order that he might get the point of a story which he had forgotten. He was not frivolous, he was divinely thoughtful, but he had an unconscious humor which gushed forth at all times and under all circumstances. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Lincoln told funny stories when black clouds of disaster hung over the nation. The Roman was drunk with wine and wild with passion; the American was hopeful, calm. The emperor was cruel, vindictive, and debauched; the president was merciful, wise, and pure. Nero was the incarnation of splendid iniquity; Lincoln was the living interpretation of the sermon on the mount.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES H. BURNS.

Mr. Burns's eloquent oration was a superb effort, for which he was afterward warmly congratulated. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LINCOLN CLUB: The people of the United States are approaching an era in the history of their government, when every man, and possibly every woman, must become an active working member in some political organization. The questions to be settled are of such gravity, and so vital to the business, social condition, and safety of the republic, that all citizens will be compelled to take a part in their solution. It may be distasteful: it will nevertheless be a necessity.

It is impossible to forecast with precision the consequences of the labor agitation and troubles which now beset the land; but it requires no great discernment to see that a draft is to be made upon the wisdom, intelligence, and virtue of all the people in order to meet and settle these difficulties in a way that shall be just and honorable to all parties. They may not become political questions, but they are matters of the highest importance to the people, and require at their hands the most solemn consideration.

We have the question of high and low tariff, or no tariff at all, of protection to American industry, of finance, of taxation, of pensions, and many other issues which constantly confront the people, and they must be met and controlled by the intelligence of the whole country.

Political parties must meet the saloon question in this country. It cannot be avoided.

If any party chooses to ally itself with the liquor saloon power, it must take the consequences. The inducements to court its assistance at the present time, it must be admitted, are great, if principle, and honor, and love of home and country, are left out of consideration; but sooner or later the hand that seeks a marriage with the mistress who embraces almost every wretch on earth of both high and low degree, will wither as it deserves. The time is coming when the people of this nation will no longer bear with the insolence and havoc of the grog shop.

Three decades ago the slave power in this land became insolent in its demands, and it wielded an influence that was courted by the Democratic party. It threatened to call the roll of its slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. It enacted a law which turned every foot of the soil of the North into a hunting-ground for fleeing humanity. It sought to establish itself in neigh-

borhoods which had been solemnly dedicated to freedom. It elected presidents, made and unmade courts, controlled Congresses, stifled the consciences of statesmen, gagged the freedom of press and speech, dictated the policy and shaped the acts of the government, and domineered with impudent swagger, like a bloated monarch, over this land which it claimed as its kingdom.

When it was finally met and beaten at the polls by the Republican party, it clutched, in its desperation, at the throat of the nation, and undertook to destroy it, but the assassin who would slay himself was slain; and the Democratic party, which nursed and encouraged the barbarous system, was relegated to a retirement which lasted for a quarter of a century, and from which it has but recently been accidentally and temporarily called.

The power of the liquor saloon is such that it dictates boards of selectmen; it elects aldermen and councilmen and mayors; it organizes societies whose openly avowed purpose is to defeat the law; it disregards the authority of men and the supplications of women; and its influence and sway are getting to be such that the conscience and sense of honor of the nation, which is now asleep, will soon awake and arise, and smite this monster and send it to everlasting perdition, and the party that sustains it will go with it.

These are a few of the issues which await the solution of the American people; and that party which possesses the wisdom and courage to grapple with these great problems, and demand that they shall be settled in a way that shall be useful to the progress of humanity, is the party which in the end will control and direct this government.

The Republican party during the last twenty-five years has been compelled to act upon some of the most critical questions ever presented to the people of any age or country; questions involving national interests of the highest importance, even to the preservation of the Union and the maintenance, credit, and honor of the nation, as well as the enfranchisement of one tenth of all the people of the United States; and upon all these great and unprecedented questions it has always espoused the side of freedom and justice. It has carried the nation safely through each and every crisis.

It could not have weathered so many dangerous capes or breasted so many terrific storms had it not had for pilots some of the noblest and ablest men that our country has produced. In the war, our helm was guided by Andrew, Morton, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Sumner, Garfield, and Lincoln. God bless his memory, at the touch of whose pen the chains of four millions of slaves were broken, never to be reforged; and Sherman, who, thank God, still lives; and Grant, whose fame is as imperishable as the light of the stars; and honest John Logan, from whose bier the mourners have but just gone. This is a list of contemporaneous civil and military leaders, which the nation, in all its history, cannot surpass or match. Their characters and deeds challenge the admiration of mankind, and their memories are enshrined in enduring fame. It has been truly said that "the heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation." In the lives of these splendid leaders our country finds an inspiration which, if heeded, will lead to the highest and grandest national achievements.

From this galaxy of distinguished Americans we select on this anniversary of his lowly birth that noble and God-crowned man, Abraham Lincoln. To-night and here we humbly assist in gathering up "the scattered ashes into history's golden urn." We pay an earnest tribute to the good citizen, the painstaking and conscientious lawyer, the wise, patriotic, and far-seeing statesman, the matchless political leader, the martyred president, and the uncompromising friend of humanity. A man who, in intellectual power and strength, was the peer of the ablest of his countrymen, and whose heart was larger than his brain. His was one of

the few great lives which had an humble beginning, a slow development, a tremendous influence and import, and a tragic ending before it was fully appreciated by his countrymen. From the moment the good man was stricken down, his fame began to live and grow. The greatness of his mind, the goodness of his heart, the far-reaching significance and sublimity of his work, are now recognized the world over. All alike concede the sincerity, purity, godness, and beauty of his character; and over his whole life there "arches a bow of unquestioned integrity."

It cannot be said of Mr. Lincoln, as Victor Hugo extravagantly wrote of Napoleon, "He was everything." He was complete: he made history, and he wrote it." But it can be said that he is a complete a figure as the present century has produced, and that he was the conspicuous and successful leader in a series of civil, political, and military events which constitute the most remarkable crisis and the most important epoch in the history of modern times. He presided over the nation at a time when treason was doing its deadliest work; when the Union was in the deepest peril; when the destinies of forty millions of living souls, as well as countless generations then unborn, stood trembling in the balance; and it is the highest encomium to pronounce on this consecrated man that the nation, under his loving and patriotic guidance, was triumphant over every foe, and came out from its ordeal of treason and civil war with the union of these states reaffirmed upon a basis as solid as the eternal hills.

When Wendell Phillips died, Joseph Cook eloquently said of him, "There lies dead on his shield in yonder street an unsullied soldier of unpopular reform, a spotlessly disinterested champion of the oppressed, the foremost orator of the English-speaking world in recent years, the largest and latest, let us hope not the last, of the Puritans. A servant of the Most High God, a man on the altar of whose heart the coals of fire were kindled by a breath from the Divine justice and tenderness, Wendell Phillips has gone doubtless to an incalculably great reward. He is with Garrison and Sumner and Lincoln now; he has met Wilberforce and Clarkson; he is in the company of Aristides and Scipio and the Roman Gracchi, and of all the past martyrs who in every age have laid down their lives that the darkness of the ages might be a little lightened." And so it can be said of Abraham Lincoln: he is among the martyrs "who have laid down their lives that the darkness of the ages might be a little lightened." Whether he is viewed as the head of the greatest political party known to history, or as commander-in-chief of the bravest and most intelligent army of soldiers that was ever marshalled on the face of the earth; or as president of the most successful Republic that has ever adorned the family of nations,—he answers all the tests of patriotism, wise statesmanship, high citizenship, and noble manhood.

All honor, then, to the imperishable name of Abraham Lincoln. In life a patriot, in death a martyr, in eternity the companion of the good of all ages,—his example is the heritage of his country.

He lives; the patriot lives no more to die;
And while dim rolling centuries hasten by,
He still *shall* live, the man of thought sublime,
Down to the latest hour of coming time.

In the absence of Hon. Henry Robinson, John J. Bell of Exeter was called upon as the closing speaker, and responded with a brief but eloquent tribute to the achievements of the Republican party, and a statement of the duties before it. It was 1:15 a. m. when the company left the tables.